

# Facts, Fiction, Fancies and Fashion of Interest to the Women of Washington

## Helene's Married Life

By May Christie

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### XXXVIII.—Violets and Carnations.

I dressed that night with special care. And I wore pink. For nothing but rose-color could express my mood.

I had definitely determined to be happy. Jim was surely getting better. And I would regain his love. The fact of Mr. Lloyd's attentions, mingled with Tony's compliments, served to reassure me that I was still both young and beautiful.

Ought I to wear the flowers that had been sent to me? Coming as they did from Mr. Lloyd, I didn't think it altogether right that I should wear them.

And yet it would seem odd, were I to ignore the gift! I thought, struck me. Dressed in my pale pink evening frock, I caught up the bewitching bunch of violets and pink carnations, and ran along the corridor to Alice's room.

"Wear them? I?" Alice shrugged shrilly, dejectedly. "Good heavens, child, are you crazy? The man sent them specially to you!"

"But I don't want them! I—I—it isn't right of me to encourage his attentions," Alice said.

Alice broke into a silvery, mocking peal.

"I never heard of anything so absurd," she said. "Where have you been brought up, pray? Not in the world, that's certain." She took a step toward me, and laid two hands upon my shoulders. Her glance was quite affectionate.

"I'm not absurd," I answered, rather huffily. "Only—correct, I hope."

"Neither 'correctness,' rejoined Alice, smiling. "As a matter of fact, I think you'd be lacking in savoir-faire if you refused to wear these flowers. Good gracious, they don't commit the man in any way! Neither does your acceptance of them commit you—goosey!"

"Then—won't you wear them, Alice, please?" I urged.

"Me? An old married woman?" Alice laughed again. "No, such an action would be 'incorrect.'"

I flushed uneasily. For I, too, though no one knew it—was of that genus "married woman."

"Cheer up, Helene. It's quite out of the question that I should sport these flowers. Moreover, Travis Lloyd, I do believe, has a natural antipathy toward me. Yes—disapproves of me—and everything connected with me. Oh, he's polite enough. But I see a frozen, congealed look in his eye occasionally when he thinks I am not looking!"

I could confirm this statement. Travis Lloyd did not approve of Alice and her worldly ways.

Definitely I changed the conversation.

"How's our patient tonight?" I asked, my eyes fixed upon my bouquet, and trying to sound very carefree.

"I'm not quite sure," Alice replied, a powder puff to the tip of her nose, and looking at me with a certain disdain. "He's a little better, but he's still rather feeble. But the effect was rather obvious."

## IS THIS YOUR TYPE?

By MARIE LA ROQUE

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### Amative Lips.

It is to the middle of the upper lip that we should look for indications of that trait which is called amateness. Redness of lips in general is said to indicate amateness, and the reason why some women the world over from primitive times have painted their lips red is because of their primitive desire to persuade the opposite sex that they are of an amative nature. And most every man, person, old or young, poetic or otherwise, just naturally admires the red-lipped girl, rather more if the redness is real instead of artificial.

Redness in general, then, is an indication of an aptitude for love and loving. But especially should this redness be found in the middle of the upper lip. The lips that are pale and thin above and show redness only in the lower section is not the lip of the woman whose presiding deity is Venus. It must be red in the upper lip and especially toward the center. Such a lip, counterbalanced by the white of the teeth, is the lip of a woman who has been held for hundreds of years by those who seek certain characteristics in certain facial features.

Now, of course, excessive amateness is something that hardly anyone admires. There must be enough, but just enough, of that characteristic to make the ideal. Likewise we do not admire the upper lip that shows an excessive amative center. In a man this trait appears almost bestial, and in a woman it detracts from delicacy and refinement of the face, sometimes making the expression almost repulsive.

Perhaps no artist ever depicted the rather exaggeratedly amative lip with more success than did the English artist, Rossetti.

Rossetti, in painting this type of lip, counterbalanced it with great refinement of other features. So a feature that might be coarse in the work of this pre-Raphaelite, he produces a face that is typically English, a face that shows passion controlled by refinement.

Rossetti in one picture makes use of these lips in a face that is supposed to represent a corrupt or decadent type. And that is Lilith, Lilith, according to legend, was the wife of Adam, and brought sorrow to the heart of Eve. And in his picture of this legendary character, Rossetti portrayed a cruel, voluptuous woman. It is said to have introduced the note of decadence that makes the face as it is today, almost repulsive, almost



Rossetti's Lilith.

though still beautiful. The same lips, in another face, would indicate—as they do in some of this master's other works—only feeling and restrained passion.

### HEAD NURSE SAYS

#### WHEN TO GIVE MILK.

In our minds "the land flowing with milk and honey" is a heavenly place. Why not experience it? If you can't get to the land of the Curé Santaria, take the milk cure at home. Six weeks to two months will give you a new lease on life. Milk only lacks carbohydrate to make it a perfect food. Add the carbohydrate in the form of raisins, dates or prunes and you have every constituent the body needs and nothing that it does not want.

First cleanse the intestinal tract by going on a fruit fast for several days. Take an orange every hour for two hours daily. Then start with the milk. Take three quarts daily, a glass every hour with a tablespoonful of raisins. Add a quart every six hours until you are taking six quarts daily. While on morning before drinking the milk and have a lemonade before retiring.

Milk is 87 per cent water and the splendid flushing that this amount of fluid gives the body is a part of its benefit. Five to six quarts of milk is required to make up the necessary solid for tissue building. There is practically no digestive disturbance, from headache or chronic constipation and high blood-pressure, that is not amenable to the milk treatment.

After this treatment, a diet, largely vegetable, with practically no starches, is frequently given with good effect. The treatment should be given under the guidance of a physician if possible.

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## Youth and Simplicity Are Expressed in Lines of "Petal" Frock and Gowns of Tulle and Lace



By CORA MOORE,

New York's Fashion Authority.

New York, Mar. 3.—On the stage of today simplicity and youthfulness mark the lines of many evening gowns, to an extent unknown a few years ago. They are adaptable for debutante or even "slub-deb" in some instances. The same influence extends to the screen.

One such gown designed for Constance Binney is the "petal" frock shown at the left. It is of pink georgette crepe, with three flounces forming the skirt. Each flounce is deeply scalloped, and

the scallops edged with pearl beading.

At the other side Miss Binney is shown in a gown of silver cloth and pale green tulle. The bodice is a plain bandeau of the silver cloth, with narrow shoulder straps of tulle and cloth. A full straight skirt of green tulle is held down by cords of silver beading at intervals. Small tabs of the beading topped with flesh-pink rosebuds mark the waistline.

Only a bit more elaborate is this lamp-shade effect of cobweb lace and tulle. Its wide satin sash is edged with monkey fur. Brief sleeves of the cobweb lace start toward the elbows.

### CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES

UNCLE WIGGILY AND BILLIE'S BUNS.

By HOWARD R. GARIS

"Dear me! The clock is slow this morning!" said Mrs. Bushytail, the lady squirrel, as she gave her two boys, Johnnie and Billie, their pancakes at the breakfast table.

"Hurry, sons, or you'll be late for school," she went on.

Billie and Johnnie ate as fast as was polite, and then, catching up their books of green leaves—books which they studied at the hollow stump school taught by the lady mouse—away they scampered.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Bushytail a little later, as she was clearing away the breakfast things. "They have gone without them!"

"Do you mean Johnnie and Billie have gone to school without their books?" asked Uncle Wiggily Longears, the bunny rabbit gentleman, who was living for a while at the squirrel house.

"No, they took their books, but Billie went without his buns."

"I'll take the buns to them," offered Uncle Wiggily. "On my red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch I can hop along as fast as never, and catch up to Billie and Johnnie before they get to school. Then I can give them their little recess lunches."

Then he started hopping over the fields and through the woods to catch Johnnie and Billie before the squirrel boys reached school.

And Uncle Wiggily did. Just as the two squirrel boys were scampering into the hollow stump, Mr. Longears hopped up to them, here he came, and said:

"Here are your buns, boys! Your buns that you are to eat at recess!"

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Johnnie.

The lady mouse teacher, coming out of the hollow stump to ring the last bell, saw Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, how do you do?" she squeaked. "You know the old gentleman rabbit very well. 'Have you come to school?' she went on with a laugh that made her whiskers seem to be playing tag with her tail.

"Well not exactly to school," answered Uncle Wiggily. "I just hopped after Billie and Johnnie to give them their recess buns which they forgot."

"Well, since you are here, will you not come in, anyhow, and help at our morning exercises?" asked the lady mouse teacher of the hollow stump school. "We should dearly love to have you! Do come in!"

"I will," said Uncle Wiggily and he did.

He sat up on the platform with the lady mouse teacher, and all the animal boys and girls sort of felt happy and glad because Uncle Wiggily was there.

"Uncle Wiggily was just getting up on his hind legs to make some well chosen remarks when, all of a sudden, a harsh voice near the back door cried:

"And with that up between the desks of the animal school children came the Pipsiswah."

"Oh, dear!" screamed little Squeak-Eekie, the cousin mouse.

"Don't be afraid. I am only after Uncle Wiggily," said the unpleasant Pip. "I want his souse and—"

Just then, as the bad chap grasped Uncle Wiggily by the ears, there was a bump and a thud down near the desk where Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, sat.

"What was that, Billie?" asked the lady mouse teacher, for she never allowed extra noises at the morning exercises. "What was that?"

"—I guess, if you please," said Billie, "that the buns Uncle Wiggily brought me fell out of my pocket on the floor!"

## Virginia Lee's Personal Answers To Herald Readers' Questions



Virginia Lee

HOROSCOPE.

MONDAY, MARCH 8, 1920.

Uranus rules strongly for good today, according to astrology. Kindly in the morning Mars is adverse.

It is a favorable way for setting out on journeys and continued increase of travel is indicated.

The summer will be a time of extraordinary stress for the passenger departments of railways and danger of serious accidents is foreboded.

Aviation again comes under a better direction. After many vacillations support will be given to American ambitions that inspire effort toward large achievement in all lines of aeronautics.

During this planetary government interest in all psychic matters will continue to be extensive, but dabbling in the occult is warned against the danger of mental maladies that may be caused by injudicious experimentation.

The conjunction of the planets of Jupiter and Neptune, which falls today in the second house is read as forecasting financial complications and anxieties. These will affect national as well as private affairs.

Secret crimes of many sorts, also, are presaged by this day's conjunction of planets. Fraud and swindling may greatly increase and there is likely to be much crookedness in regard to taxes and matters relating to personal obligations to government.

Losses to the exchequer of Great Britain are prognosticated and continued unrest among workers is indicated.

Water Glass for Eggs.

Dear Miss Lee: Will you please give me some information concerning the use of water glass as a preservative for eggs—FARMER'S WIFE.

Water glass solution should be diluted in the proportion of one part of water glass to nine parts of water, which has been boiled and allowed to cool. The earthenware crocks or jars should be scalded and allowed to cool before being used.

One holding five gallons being sufficient for accommodating fifteen dozen eggs, requiring one quart of water glass. Half fill the container with the water glass solution and add the eggs in it. As eggs are added day by day care should be

taken to see that they are covered by about two inches of water glass solution. Cover the container and place in a cool place, looking at it from time to time without jostling, so that you can add sufficient cool boiled water to keep the eggs covered.

Before boiling eggs which have been preserved in this manner, prick the large ends with a needle to prevent cracking.

Virginia Lee

Fashionable Nancy

Horoscope.

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Organdy, it seems, is to be very much in vogue this season, which is one bit of fashion news that will prove particularly agreeable to most Washington women.

Only last week I saw some beautiful shades in the crisp light material at a meager price for these days and times, and nearly all of us have a frock or two from last summer packed away among the things that might do again.

In Paris organdy is being combined with taffeta, not only as a trimming, but in many instances on a half and half basis. The fact that such frocks may not prove serviceable is of little consequence in Paris and judging from past experience we will not hesitate to provide our wardrobes with a frock or two of this type. Another combination of taffeta and organdy brings to mind the flowered frocks we wore several seasons ago with sleeveless bolero jackets of taffeta and satin. Organdy frocks are being made with taffeta coats to go with them. Now, however, the coats are really coats and extend almost to the bottom of the dress and are belted with wide girdles that encircle the waist and tie in a bow at the side.

Paris has gone so far as to combine organdy with the heavier wrap materials. Crisp collars of white organdy brighten up many otherwise dark and unbecoming models.

The light, summery organdies are being combined with laces, white chintilly being a favorite combination with organdy in any of the pastel shades.

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## ::Excellent Advice::

By DOROTHY DIX

Highest-Paid Woman Writer.

### FRIEND FATHER.

Mr. Man, how well acquainted are you with your daughter?

Have you ever had a real conversation with her in your life?

I don't mean the times when you have done the stern father act and forbidden her to do something she wanted to do, or scolded her for something she did do.

Never do me the times when she has sat on the arm of your chair, and kissed the bald spot on the top of your head, and wheedled you out of a check, and you called her a little grafter, and thought she was the sweetest thing in the world, and gave her twice as much as she asked for.

You have thought of her as a baby, as a toy, as a something to be worked for, and kept safe, and soft, and guarded and protected.

But did you ever think of your little daughter as a real human being, with thoughts and ideas of her own, and plans and ambitions, and desires and hopes and as facing problems and dangers and temptations even as you and I?

And did you ever try to meet her on that plane, not of father and daughter, but of two friends who could sit down quietly together and talk things over freely with one another?

I'll warrant you never did, and that of all the strange women in the world the strangest to you is your own little daughter.

You are not half so well acquainted with her as you are with your stenographer, or the girls in your office, or the women who are very good ideas of what they think, and of what they are likely to do under any given set of circumstances, but you haven't the remotest idea of what your own Mabel thinks or would do.

Believe me, in not knowing your own daughter you are missing one of the greatest treats that life has to offer you. You may think Mabel is silly because she is always giggling, or else glum and silent, with nothing to say, in your presence. That is because she is embarrassed and ill at ease when she is in company of a man who is such a stranger to her as her own father is.

If you will chum with her a little, you will find out that pretty far from being inside as it is outside, and that she's got all sorts of interesting ideas.

And you'll be enchanted and entertained at her new point of view and exhilarated by her high spirits, and you will find out that taking your own daughter out to dinner is a thousand times more fun than any old rounder gets out of feeding the chicken.

So much for what you will get out of getting acquainted with your own daughter. As for her part, don't you think you owe it to her to give her a chance to save your conscience for the way in which you have neglected Mabel by saying that you leave the rearing of the girls to the mother and you talk vaguely and confidently about mother's influence as if that was some sort of a white magic that

never failed to work under any possible conditions.

As a matter of fact, mothers are no more capable of bringing up girls alone and unaided than they are boys. Mothers, does her best but she has her limitations. She has not had the experience of life and the actual condition of affairs in the world that enable her to be a friend, counselor and guide to her children that their father can be. Especially to her girls.

Just where the girls are weak and need help, mother is only too often weaker, and more helpless still. Indeed, in these days, often a mother is far more romantic and sentimental and less sophisticated and worldly-wise than her debilitated daughter.

Moreover, a woman has no opportunity to find out about what sort of a man the youths are who hang about her daughter, but a casual inquiry made in the right place will enable another man to ascertain everything about them.

As a general thing a man is even less acquainted with the men who visit his house, and court his daughter, than he is with the daughter herself. The first time he ever gives a serious thought to young men, he makes the slightest investigation as to who and what he is, is when he is told that Mabel is engaged to the youth in question and is going to marry him.

And then it is too late. Tragically too late. Criminally too late if young Smithkins happens to be the wrong sort.

Father can do nothing then, but he could have saved Mabel from lifelong misery if he had only been on visiting terms with her; if he had only been well enough acquainted with her to have found out which way the wind of her fancy was blowing, so that he could have turned it in another direction by telling her that the boys that Smithkins drank too much, or that he let his old mother take in borders to support him, or that he had a past life that did not bear investigating.

Girls are no fools. They do not deliberately commit suicide by marrying men who are dissipated and no account. They want husbands who will be prosperous and successful, and of whom they may be proud, and ninety-nine out of a hundred times father could steer his daughter away from a disastrous match, if only he would put in his oar in time.

More than that, a girl will be more confidential with her father and open her heart more freely to him than she ever will to her mother, just as a boy will tell things to his mother that he can never bring himself to tell his father, and so it makes it easier for fathers to protect their daughters than it is for mothers.

Believe me, Mr. Man, you have failed in the highest duty you have if you are not Friend Father to your daughter.

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## REMODELING A WIFE

A Story of Married Life Where the Husband Would Be a Creator

By MILDRED K. BARBOUR.

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### Another Mistake.

In response to the light touch on his shoulder Carrington looked up into Doris' eager flushed face.

His surprise at seeing her there at the conspicuous situation she had created, Carrington had a well-bred man's horror of attracting public attention, and he was quite

lively attentive, and he was quite lively in his glances and meaning smiles which followed Doris' pretty figure in her impetuous flight across the crowded room. His luncheon companion had met his wife's expressions were a mixture of curiosity and smiling innuendo.

Carrington rose hastily and placed a proprietary hand on Doris' arm.

"Gentlemen, Mrs. Carrington," he made the introduction stiffly. "Did Margaret send you for me?"

asked Doris in an audacious tone, seeking to give some excuse for her appearance.

Without giving her a chance to answer, he escorted her rapidly back toward her table, where the other guests had already taken their seats.

"You little fool," he said between clenched teeth. "Didn't you know better than to do a thing like this?"

Margaret, seeing them, biting her lip in vexation.

"I couldn't stop her, Stewart," she said hastily. "Don't be angry."

"Sit down for Heaven's sake and don't make us any more conspicuous than we already are," implored her brother.

"Stewart, what a nice surprise! How fortunate that I saw you," said Mrs. Stevenson, with a voice wiped the anger from Carrington's brow. He bent over her hand, gave Lila Demarest a careless greeting, and began to chat absently with the gracious widow.

Margaret, composure forgotten, was lecturing Doris roundly for her exhibition, while Lila, flushed and embarrassed, pretended great interest in the futurist paintings in the wall panels.

Doris only half listened to Margaret; she was straining her ears to hear what her husband was saying to Mrs. Stevenson.

She caught the words, "particularly unfortunate that you always have to endure our family difficulties—none of our friends exempt."

She glared at Margaret, rather than mortification. Why did Stewart invariably go out of his way to humiliate her before Mrs. Stevenson, or was it that the great interest in the futurist widow always incited her to folly?

"I'm sorry," she told Margaret absently, "I didn't stop to think about being conspicuous."